

THE  
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## ENDYMION

*(From Stanislas De Guaita)*

**K**EPPER of sheep by old Arcadian ways!  
Phoebe, (the melancholy, the divine),  
Leaned down from heaven and laid her lips to  
thine,

Her passion voiced in throbbing, moonlight rays.

What tho' but dimly through thy slumber's maze  
Thou knewest a Goddess' smile did on thee shine—  
Still wert thou clasped in ecstasy divine,  
Thy gold locks mingled in her silver blaze.

Greeting, first lunatic! Who wert so wise  
To charm the cold moon from the ancient skies  
To lie within thine arms, albeit unwist.

So, peradventure, when the moon is round,  
Thy sons, the dreamers, walk beneath, brow-kissed  
By that one love, long sought, but never found.

RHETA LOUISE CHILDE.

## SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

## I

## THE GOLDEN PIPES

**I**HEY hung all bronzed and shining, on the side of  
Margath Mountain—the tall and perfect pipes of  
the organ, which was played by some son of God  
when the world was young. At least, Hepnon the cripple  
said it was so, when he was but a child, and when he got  
older, he said that even now a golden music came from the

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pipes at sunrise and sunset. And no one laughed at Hep-nen, for you could not look into the dark warm eyes, dilating with his fancies, nor see the transparent temper of his face, the look of the dreamer over all, without believing him, and reproving your own judgment. You felt that he had traveled ways you could never travel, that he had had dreams beyond you, that his fanciful spirit had had adventures you would give years of your dull life to know.

And yet he was not made only as women are made—fragile and trembling in his nerves. For he was strong of arm, and there was no place in the hills to be climbed by venturesome man, which he could not climb with crutch and shriveled leg. And he was a gallant horseman, riding with his knees and one foot in stirrup; his crutch slung behind him. It may be that was why rough men listened to his fancies about the Golden Pipes. They themselves would go out at sunrise and look across to where the pipes hung, taking the rosy glory of the morning, and steal away alone at sunset, and in some lonely spot lean out towards the flaming instrument to hear if any music rose from them. The legend that one of the Mighty Men of the Kimash Hills came here to play, with invisible hands, the music of the first years of the world, became a truth, though a truth that none could prove. And by-and-bye, no man ever traveled the valley without taking off his hat as he passed the Golden Pipes—so had a cripple with his whimsies worked upon the land.

Then too perhaps his music had to do with it. As a child he had only a poor concertina, but by it he drew the traveler and the mountaineer and the worker in the valley to him like a magnet. Some touch of the mysterious, some sweet fantastical melody in all he played, charmed them, even when he gave them old familiar airs. From the concertina he passed to the violin, and his skill and mastery over

his followers grew, and then there came a notable day when up over a thousand miles of country, a melodeon was brought him. Then a wanderer, a minstrel outcast from a far country, taking refuge in those hills, taught him, and there was one long year of loving labour together, and between the two merry whisperings and secret drawings, and worship of the Golden Pipes; and then the minstrel died, and left Hepnon alone.

And now they said that Hepnon tried to coax out of the old melodeon the music of the Golden Pipes. But a look of sorrow grew upon his face, and stayed for many months. Then there came a change, and he went into the woods, and began working there in the perfect summer weather, and the tale went abroad that he was building an organ, so he might play for all who came, the music he heard on the Golden Pipes—for they had ravished his ear since childhood, and now he must know the wonderful melodies all by heart, they said. With consummate patience he dried the wood and fashioned it into long tuneful tubes, beating out soft metal got from the forge in the valley to case the lips of them, he himself tanning the leather for the bellows, stretching it, and exposing all his work to the sun of early morning, which gave every fibre and valve a rich sweetness, like a sound fruit of autumn. People also said that he set all the pieces out at sunrise and sunset that the tone of the Golden Pipes might pass into them, so that when the organ was built, each part should be saturated with such melody as it had drawn in, according to its temper and its fibre.

And so the building of the organ went on, and a year passed, and then another, and it was summer again, and soon Hepnon began to build also, while yet it was sweet weather, a home for his organ—a tall nest of cedar added to his father's house. And in it every piece of wood, and every board had been made ready by his own hands, and set in the

sun and dried slowly to a healthy soundness; and he used no nails of metal, but wooden pins of the ironwood or hickory tree, and it was all polished, and there was no paint or varnish anywhere, and when you spoke in this nest your voice sounded sweet and strong.

And then the time came when, piece by piece, the organ was set up in its home, and as the days and weeks went by, and autumn drew to winter, and the music of the Golden Pipes stole down the flumes of snow to their ardent lover, and spring came with its sap, and small purple blossoms, and yellow apples of mandrake, and summer stole on luxurious, and dry, the face of Hepnon became thinner and thinner, a strange deep light shone in his eyes, and all his person seemed to exhale a kind of glow. He ceased to ride, to climb, to lift weights with his strong arms as he had—poor cripple—been once so proud to do. A delicacy came upon him, and more and more he withdrew himself to his organ, and to those lofty and lonely places where he could see—and hear—the Golden Pipes boom softly over the valley.

At last it all was done, even to the fine-carved stool of cedar where he should sit when he played his organ. Never yet had he done more than sound each note as he made it, trying it, softening it by tender devices with the wood; but now the hour was come when he should gather down the soul of the Golden Pipes to his fingers, and give to the ears of the world the song of the morning stars, the music of Jubal and his comrades, the affluent melody to which the sons of men in the first days paced the world in time with the thoughts of God. For days he lived alone in the cedar-house,—and who may know what he was doing: dreaming, listening, or praying? Then the word went through the valley and the hills, that one evening he would play for all who came;—and that day was the Feast of All Souls. And so they came both old and young, and they did not enter

the house, but waited outside, upon the mossy rocks, or sat among the trees, and watched the heavy sun roll down and the Golden Pipes flame in the light of evening. Far beneath in the valley the water ran lightly on, but there came no sound from it, none from anywhere; only a general pervasive murmur quieting to the heart.

At last they heard a note come from the organ, a soft low sound that seemed to rise out of the good earth and mingle with the vibrant air left by the song of birds, the whisper of trees, and flowing water. Then came another, and another note, then chords, and chords upon these, and by-and-bye rolling tides of melody, until, as it seemed to the listeners, the air ached with the incomparable song; and men and women wept, and children hid their heads in the laps of their mothers, and young men and maidens dreamed dreams never to be forgotten. For one short hour the music went on, then twilight fell. Presently the sounds grew fainter, and exquisitely painful, and now a low sob seemed to pass through all the heart of the organ, and then silence fell, and in the sacred pause, Hepnon came out among them all, pale and desolate. He looked at them a minute most sadly, and then lifting up his arms towards the Golden Pipes, now hidden in the dusk, he cried low and brokenly:

"O, my God, give me back my dream!"

And then his crutch seemed to give way beneath him, and he sank upon the ground, faint and gasping.

They raised him up, and women and men whispered in his ear:

"Ah, the beautiful, beautiful music, Hepnon!"

But he only said:

"O, my God, O, my God, give me back my dream!"

But when he had said it thrice, he turned his face to where his organ was in the cedar-house, and then his eyes closed, and he fell asleep. And they could not wake him. But at

sunrise the next morning a shiver passed through him, and then a cold quiet stole over him, and Hepnon and the music of the Golden Pipes departed from the Voshti Hills, and came again no more.

GILBERT PARKER.

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### LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—III

**L**OVE, by that loosened hair  
Well now I know  
Where the lost Lilith went  
So long ago.

Love, by those starry eyes  
I understand  
How the sea maidens lure  
Mortals from land.

Love, by that welling laugh  
Joy claims his own  
Sea-born and wind-wayward  
Child of the sun.

BLISS CARMAN.

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### IN THE LAND OF REVOLUTIONS

**T**HE Colombian patriot and poet, for if he is the one he is the other also, loves his country with the same passionate, jealous, eloquent, unpractical love that he has for the mistress of his heart. It is her physical beauty that inspires him. The rich tropical verdure of her lowlands, where the sensuous heavy-scented breeze can scarcely stir the matted tops of closely locked trees; the brilliant birds that break dreamy silences with vain, discordant notes; the rivers that cut their way through mountain passes to fall unawares over a precipice and break with protesting roar



into rainbow hued foam; the great groves of banana and orange and mango, of guayaba and chirimoya that cover the sun-kissed hill-sides; the lofty mountains that pierce with snowy tips the blueness, from whose depths a condor wings his heavy flight downward; from rocky sea-coast to the highest peak of the Andes she is beautiful, with that generous, bewildering changeful beauty that fascinates and inspires and —, sometimes deceives.

And so a poet soldier sings of her thus:

“With fair voluptuous grace she lies  
Between two guarding seas;  
Dense verdure shades her dreamy eyes,  
Soft blows the tropic breeze.

And Spring eternal woos her heart  
Till glow her sun-kissed cheeks,  
While slowly, passion's fires start  
Within her snowy peaks.”

In Colombia, Nature like a wise mother sits with open book upon her lap awaiting some one to come and read, and the leaves of her book are the mighty Andes and the fertile valleys. A few in these later days have spelled out some of the beauties and mysteries but the majority have preferred to pour over the dusty tomes of an artificial and bygone age.

The wanderer from the beaten road finds himself in the midst of forests that were baptized by the deluge, unpenetrated by the sun; in their dim twilight he startles birds and beasts of fearful beauty. Everywhere trees stretch out fruit-laden arms imploring relief. The earth, weighed down with her own abundance, calls on man to come and satisfy himself. Instead of answering her call, the poet and the novelist have turned their eyes away from Nature and have prattled in artificial rhythm and fantastic phrases of Cupid

and of Venus, and by way of variation of Venus and of Cupid. The bolder have apostrophised Phyllis and Chloris, with an invocation to the muse for aid, at the beginning of each verse. They have also been wont to implore the sympathy of trees and brooks and rocks. The following is one of many like unto it. The metre and rhyme have been faithfully reproduced in a language scarcely sweet enough to carry artificiality as gracefully as the original:

“With my sad tears the very stones begin to soften;  
Their natural hardness they at last surrender.  
And even stately trees their heads seem gently bending.  
The twittering of the birds grows faint and tender  
When listening to my woe bemoaned so often;  
Prophesies of death in their low notes are blending.  
And from the heights descending  
Their quiet rest forsaking  
And in my grief partaking  
The wild beasts come, and listen to my wailing.  
With thee alone my plaints are unavailing,  
Thy cold and haughty eyes look on unknowing  
The pain my heart assailing.  
Oh sad and bitter tears, go ever flowing.”

And after the poet had poured out his grief in twenty or thirty stanzas like the above, he felt relieved and came home from the damp woods to scold his lawful wife, mayhap.

But the revolution against the rigid forms of the classic school which was initiated in Spain by the Duque de Rivas, Zorilla and Espronceda, found an echo in Spanish America, and most readily and emphatically in Colombia. There Gutiérrez González and Epifanio Mejía have touched the popular heart with their exquisitely simple songs of rural life; Miguel Antonio Caro has inspired with his lofty transcendentalism and glowing patriotism; Rafael Núñez

has struck the deep melancholy minor cord of scepticism to which every Spanish-Colombian responds; Jorge Isaacs has sent his "María" in many tongues to other lands, and the voice of true Southern oratory has been heard by us across the noisy Caribbean.

Gutiérrez González is one of the most popular poets in Colombia. He died several years ago, but his works have been re-edited many times since. His best known poem, "Memoria sobre el Cultivo del Maiz" is simple in language, patriarchal in style but of too great length to analyze here. The "Aures" forbids an adequate metrical translation but the picture is this.

"The waters of the Aures leap from rock to rock and the jagged granite trembles from the shock. The matted ferns along the shore glitter in the sunshine drenched in the gleaming spray. Mirrored in the depths the graceful reeds seem to weave tangled necklaces with their emerald ribbons. There, from the shade I see the home of my youth standing white upon the hill-side. I dream that my dear ones — but alas! there are names that the voice cannot utter without tears. The house still stands but the blue curling smoke comes from a stranger's hearth. The tears I shed form a prism which lends to the past its magic color. Those hills are most beautiful, upon which the sun shines through rain. Infancy, youth, and tranquil days, visions of happiness, dreams of love, home of my fathers, sweetly flowing river, and hope, farewell forever!"

The inevitable note of sadness and melancholy which seems inherent in the Spanish nature sounds in all his poems.

In the work of Epifanio Mejía we are irresistibly reminded of Millet. He shows the same sympathy and truthfulness in his verse that the painter shows upon his canvas. Take for example "La Muerte del Novillo." [The Death of the Young Bull.]

"The most beautiful one, a white one is taken from the herd. Bound and helpless he lies stretched upon the green grass, with sad, complaining cry. The executioner comes and the poor brute looks upon the knife timidly. The steel cuts the throbbing nerves, streams of blood dye the meadow; the man draws back his brawny arm, the knife gleams purple and white. The brute trembles, his eye grows dim, and he breathes out his life. Wheeling in the air the black birds of prey with bald and eager heads spy the butchery upon the broad plain and greedily fly down —,

The bellowing bull with tossing head and fierce red eye  
Hears from a neighboring field the dying cry;  
With wrathful hoof he paws the yielding ground  
'Till clouds of dust his glossy flanks surround.

With mournful cries the herd run down the green slopes;  
they smell death in the air, and their mourning turns to terror—

Los brutos tienen corazon sensible  
Por eso lloran la comun desgracia  
En ese clamoroso *de profundis*  
Que todos ellos á los vientos lanzan."

Nothing could be more spontaneous, more natural, more Homeric in its simplicity than this.

The sudden flood of liberal ideas which followed upon the years of dark conservatism developed an intellectual and spiritual agnosticism profoundly sad. Rafael Nuñez is a representative of this school of thought. His best known poem "*Que sais-je?*" is a sincere cry from the soul of a sceptic. His style of thought and form of verse, somewhat academic, is much affected by the younger writers. The following translation of three of its stanzas may give an idea of the poem:

"I have been thinking  
That after all a common fate is linking  
Our mortal lines; it cannot then be true  
That some are born for joy and some for grieving;  
Equality has touched life's web thus weaving  
Both light and shading too.

The bee that seeks with droning drowsy pleasure  
To steal from blushing flowers their sweetest treasure,  
Gives us the spoils, but also leaves the sting.  
The winds that waft us home with gentle motion,  
Can toss the waves, and in the depths of ocean  
Our hopes and fancies fling.

I know not what I seek nor what I'm finding;  
Sometimes the very light my eyes is blinding.  
Sometimes in darkest clouds I clearest see;  
Sometimes repose but makes me feel more weary,  
Excitement chills my blood, and makes more dreary  
The life I fain would flee."

Compare this with the homesick cry in "A Mi Madre."

"I long in childhood's days again to wander;  
And though my aching heart  
Tells me that joys, which mem'ry makes but fonder,  
Have flown upon the swiftly beating wings of time,  
By thy dear side again, I may bid grief depart.

I long for thee when evening's shadows falling  
I see the fire's glow  
I long to be with thee, my grief recalling  
And tell thee how I've suffered since I left thy side  
And quiet pleasure of the long ago.

I long to open thee my heart so weary  
That there thou mayest find

A heart betrayed, and filled with doubtings dreary.  
With strong firm faith and gentle loving touch  
Thou 'lt cheer the soul, and clear the clouded mind."

But there is another kind of verse so musical in form that it fairly sings itself, and generally contains some dainty conceit which appeals to the popular fancy. It is the kind that is heard in the long Southern twilights, caroled by some sweet voiced tenor to the tinkling accompaniment of bandola or tiple. The following by Carlos Echeverria is an example. It is entitled "Tiempos que Fueron" [In By-gone Days].

A cantar á una nifia  
Yo le enseña  
Y un beso á cada  
Siempre le daba ;  
Y aprendió tanto,  
Que aprendió muchas cosas,  
Ménos el canto.

Nombres de las estrellas  
Saber quería,  
Y un beso á cada nombre  
Le repetia ;  
¡ Oh noche aquella,  
En que inventé diez nombres  
A cada estrella !

Por fin de la mañana  
Llegó la hora,  
Murieron las estrellas,  
Nacio la aurora,  
Y ella decia :  
¡ Lástima no haya estrellas  
Tambien de dia !

The poets that have been cited are not literary men by profession, in fact literature is an unknown profession in Colombia. If man tried to live by letters alone he would starve. The reading public forms only a small percentage of the population, consequently literary patronage is very limited. Juan Valera, the great novelist of Old Spain, says somewhere that he never made enough out of "Pepita Jimenez" to buy his wife a good silk dress. Galdós who is more prolific and even more widely read does not derive any profit from his books. What is true of Old Spain is even more true of New Spain. There is no pecuniary incentive to literary production. The foremost writers of Colombia have been lawyers, statesmen and soldiers. Gutiérrez Gonzalez was successively representative, senator and Minister of War; Nuñez was three times president of the Republic; Echeverría was Deputy and a member of the Cabinet.

The one great novel that Colombia has produced is "María" by Jorge Isaacs. It has enjoyed an exceptional popularity in all Spanish speaking countries and has been translated into English, French and Italian. It is found in every household of Spanish-America, and it has so taken hold of the Spanish-American heart that pilgrimages are made to the beautiful valley of the Cauca, where the scenes of the book are laid. The home of María is holy ground and they want to see it with their own eyes. The story is a sad one, largely autobiographical, and records the innocent loves of two people not much more than children. No social question is discussed, no startling theories of life and conduct are presented, but the simple sweet heart-history of two lives is pictured with such touching sincerity that one is quite persuaded that our complicated "new woman" is a fraud, and that to be altogether lovable one needs no greater charm than a trustful look, and no higher education than embroidery and the catechism.

The local coloring is exquisite, and for a foreigner who wishes to breathe the Spanish-American atmosphere no better short-cut could be taken than to read this story.

In spite of the great popularity of his book *Señor Isaacs* is miserably poor and in bad health. Had he been protected in his copyrights he might have realized more than any Spaniard ever did from a novel. His countrymen are absorbed in politics and revolutions, and have forgotten not only the author, but the man who faithfully discharged offices of public trust.

The great mass of fiction is very inferior. The ingredients most in vogue in the construction of a novel are—a young man of poetic turn of mind and subject to fits of blackest melancholy, possessing also a strong filial affection which causes him no end of trouble; another young man who has committed most of the sins of the calendar and crowns his iniquities by joining the author's rival political party; a beautiful young girl, very timid and entirely religious, a duena and a benevolent priest or two. These are all stirred up by one of the biennial revolutions, and the result is a work which is wept over by black-eyed girls as they linger of mornings over their chocolate and cheese.

Material for historical novels is bewildering in its abundance, but very few have been written.

If some vigorous, level-headed and sympathetic Anglo-Saxon would go and browse among the manuscripts, win the confidence of some conservative old *hidalgo*, and saturate himself with the vivid local coloring he could produce a novel that would open a new and wondrous pleasant world to us.

ELIZABETH WALLACE.



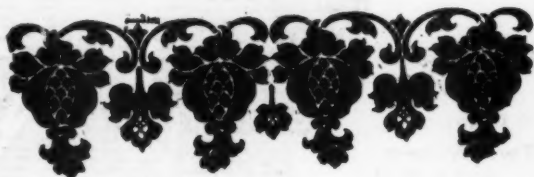
## DEFIANCE.

I knelt and laid my hands between his hands:  
King Fortune, my liege lord and suzerain.  
He granted me of gracious joys these twain:  
Sweet love, fair friendship, passing my demands;  
Yet chose my friend and her I loved to be  
My hostages for his supremacy.

God's pardon ! but I served him well those days,  
Paying such homage as a prince might crave,  
Nor deeming that he held me but a slave;  
Until, grown lustful of despotic ways,  
He slew my friend in wanton pride of power  
And stole her love that was my heart's fair flower.

Lo ! thus am I an outlaw in life's world,  
And Fortune hunts me with his hireling bands,  
Yet, having now no hostage in his hands,  
I mock his strength, his pride, his arms, his gold.  
Haste, good Sir Fortitude; thy succour bring;  
So shall we bide and greet my Lord the King.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.





**"The Stage  
Is Waitin' "  
A DRAWING FOR  
"Two Women  
and a Fool"**





## NOTES

**T**HE best French prose, of course, is untranslatable; we all feel that, if we have any feelers in such matters. But French poetry has not so fugitive an essence, let its lovers boast as they will. It has not, like our own, a lineage, a climate, and a vocabulary apart from the rest of the language. Besides, it is too often in general what Corneille's alexandrines were in particular: "*l'expression forte des sentiments faibles*;" and in the process of undressing it from its own diction in order to dress it again in yours, you are likely to see bones! not always such "beautiful bones" as Trilby's. Any Frenchman who ever lived and could handle English, may safely be challenged to show a parallel result half so good as Swinburne's wonderful and perfect transposition of Villon. If, for instance, André Chénier, or De Musset, or Baudelaire, has not been set forth, in all justice and beauty, in our inestimable flexible old mother-tongue, it is merely that no one of these idiomatic gentlemen has as yet found his man, not that even he can not be wrestled with and thrown by the appointed expert. Master Villon and Mr. Swinburne, meanwhile, are a pair: so were Longfellow and the elder Malherbe, when it came to philological fisticuffs. There is nothing neater on the face of the earth than the correspondence of

"The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover,  
Unto these laws must bend;  
And the sentinels that watch at the barriers of the Louvre  
Cannot our Kings defend,"

with that other illustrious commonplace,

"Le pauvre en sa cabane, la chaumière pour couvre,  
Est sujet à ces lois;  
Et les gardes qui veillent aux barrières du Louvre  
N'en défendent point nos rois."

Surely, we have deserved well of our France. Alas, a competent person set out, the other day, to explain a certain lyric burst of the late Thomas Hood, as follows:

"O vous, ayant des soeurs aimées,  
Hommes! songez aux femmes, et surtout aux mères:  
Ce n'est que des chemises qui sont usées,  
Mais la vie des femmes vaillantes et chères!

Where is the exceptional homely force of the lines we all know by heart? The Shirt of them, vacant of life, hangs on the bush; and the bather has dived somewhere into the sea.

¶ If someone will examine and vindicate in print the Funniness of Mark Twain, he might confer a favor on divers blighted beings, who yearn to know where the joke comes in. In his new book there is a wildly humorous character, born, to the greater glory of dime museums, with two heads; in his old book there was a certain frog with several pounds of shot in its stomach, which qualified it at once as a low comedian. Did it ever occur to Mark Twainites to be



quite sure that they are "always men and never yahoos?" Or to Mark Twain himself that to some tastes a holiday in Madrid is not necessarily witty, albeit bulls abound in it?

¶ A celebrated *tragédienne* now extant has a fond old aunt in the country, not averse to retailing her triumphs as gleaned from the newspapers, always with a transmuting touch, however. For instance: "An' I tell you what, Rosy she acted so nice to the King, and it tickled him so, he up and hove a hull bucketful o' di'monds at her!"



¶ It is an item of interest in the literary world that the English Government has recently conferred peerages upon Messrs. H. C. Bunner, Julian Hawthorne, Brander Matthews, Theodore Roosevelt, Jeffrey Roche, Arlo Bates, and Laurence Hutton. A sixpenny pension, and a camels' hair shawl, go to each, with a letter from Her Majesty in person, expressing her deep sense of the services rendered by these gentlemen in repressing Anglophobia in the revolted colonies.

¶ The *New York Herald* is o'er the border and awa' with an offer of big money for fiction of assorted sizes. Poor authors of genius will be shy of competing, for, in Newman's great phrase, "the wells are poisoned." That is, the judges are already announced to be the daily readers of the *New York Herald*. Most Votes gets it! This Arcadian arrangement is magnificently democratic, adroitly flattering, and,

incidentally, unconsciously, as it were, of moment both to the writer who has "political infloonce," and to the inside pockets of the Napoleonic editor. Now, the precious Public, in the long run, can discriminate even as to literary quality: but your Public, in that case, must be posthumous. Even if an honest vote of awards could be obtained—but there is no use talking about it. Wild horses, dear Slim Barcans, shall not drag out of you and me the ten thousand words *secundum artem*, or into us the two thousand dollars. We will take no terms from the Huns. When we unfold the Great American Novel, it shall not be in a scrimmage. If a coroner must sit upon it, we stand by, meanwhile, leaning pensively upon a club.



¶ A professor in one of our colleges hauled in recently a most remarkable specimen of the ink-fish (*sepia plagiaria*), and has carefully preserved the creature for future reference. It appears that it handed in, not long ago, a theme which

struck the professor dumb, which "teased him out of thought," and kept him awake nights with its haunting suggestion of something very familiar. It turned out to be Burke: Burke upside down and wrong end to, Burke off his feet and out of his mind. The ingenious youth, with his Nonconformist Conscience, shrank from transferring to his own page the whole bulk and body of a famous passage from *Reflections on the Revolution*, and therefore, with touching scruples and indefatigable patience, he sat down with the *Century Dictionary*, and looked up his hundred synonyms, and analogies, his natural cousins and poor relations of the royal English before him, and evolved an air-with-variations in this wise:

"The era of gallantry is departed. The one of false reasoners, thrifty persons, and mathematicians has replaced it, and the radiance of the Continent is quenched permanently. Not again, not again, shall we see that liberal allegiance to aristocracy and females, that haughty deference, that stately docility, that servility of the soul, which preserved from death, even in slavery itself, the ghost of a lofty independence. The charm of existence not in the market, the low-priced protection of states, the foster-mother of masculine feeling and daring undertakings, is departed! It is departed, that fastidiousness of conviction, that purity of honorableness, which was sensible of a smooch like a stab, which breathed bravery while it softened fury, which raised to the peerage every thing it handled, and below which evil itself dropped one part of its wickedness by dropping the whole of its vulgarity." The hero of this feat has not been rapped to order. It is no part of the Professor's duty to nip genius in the bud.

¶ Hail, gentle Noodles! We of your April clan salute you. This is our joint feast-day, our anniversary. Jeames, bring us



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florists' daffodils and a lighted candle or two, with no corrosive sublimate sprinkled on the one, nor dynamite pellet pressed into the other. Who would kill us off? Who does not love us, and find that an occasional hour in our society demonstrates the liveableness of life? Above all, we brighten the world of Letters with our 'prentice inrushings, our brag-gart lack of certificates, our orange-hued small-clothes, our bold Gordian unriddlings of human mystery, our confident inventions of the rhetoric which never was by sea or land, and of the two and two which make five. Sweet All Fools, let us live long and die hard, that the young blades of philosophers may never lack their grindstone!

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED

THE TECHNIQUE OF SCULPTURE by WILLIAM  
ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. Boston: Ginn & Co.

THE NEW WOMAN by E. LYNN LINTON. New York:  
The Merriam Co.

LINGUA GEMMÆ. A Cycle of Gems by ADA L. SUT-  
TON. Illustrated by MARY FAIRMAN CLARK. New  
York: The Merriam Co.

PAUL ST. PAUL by RUBY BERYL KYLE. Chicago:  
Charles H. Kerr & Co.



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